ECLIPSE COMICS®

MIRACLEMAN™

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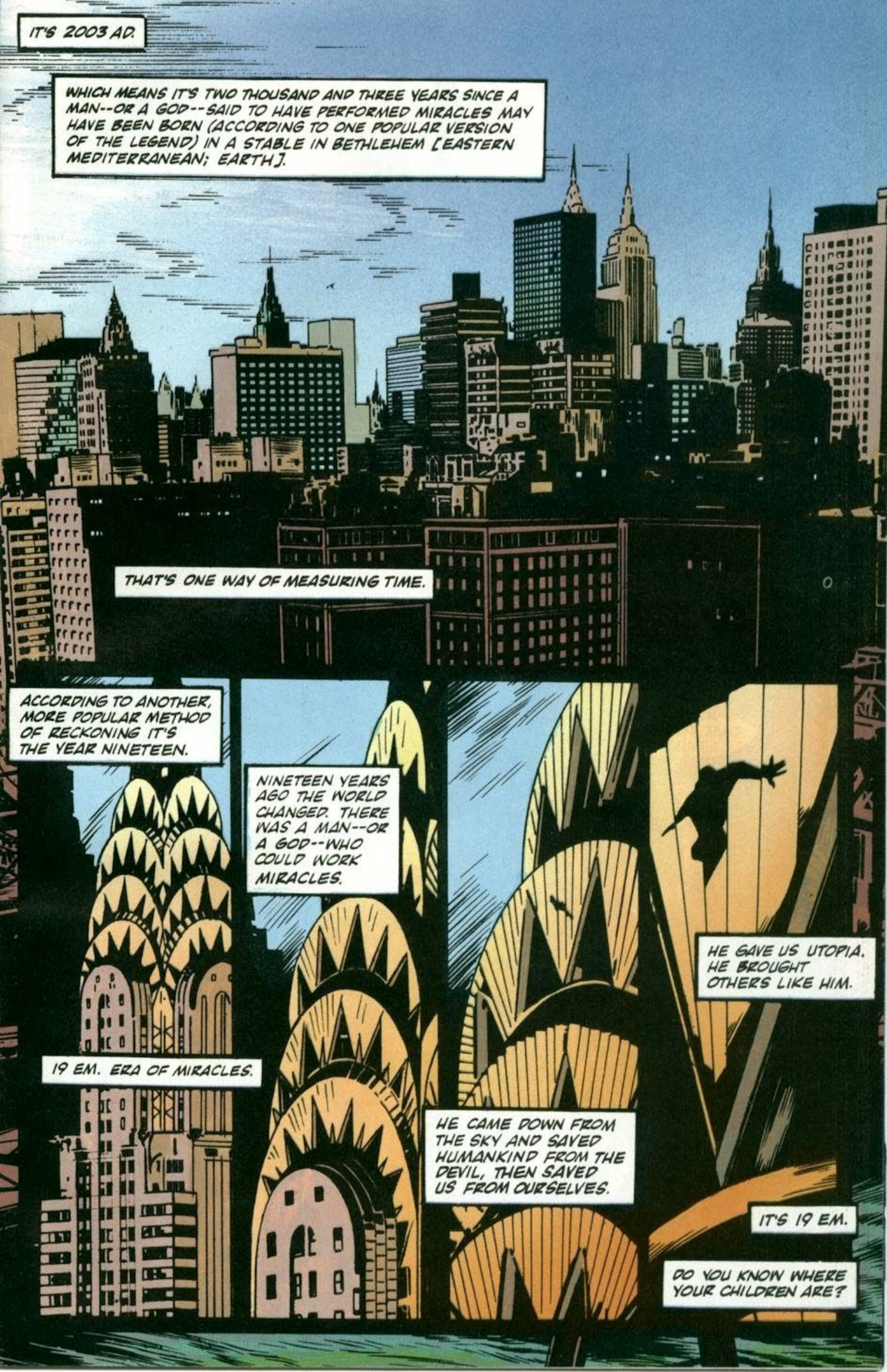
The Silver Age

Book One

GAIMAN • BUCKINGHAM


IT'S 2003 AD.
WHICH MEANS IT'S TWO THOUSAND AND THREE YEARS SINCE A MAN--OR A GOD--SAID TO HAVE PERFORMED MIRACLES MAY HAVE BEEN BORN (ACCORDING TO ONE POPULAR VERSION OF THE LEGEND) IN A STABLE IN BETHLEHEM [EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN; EARTH].
THAT'S ONE WAY OF MEASURING TIME.
ACCORDING TO ANOTHER, MORE POPULAR METHOD OF RECKONING IT'S THE YEAR NINETEEN.
NINETEEN YEARS AGO THE WORLD CHANGED. THERE WAS A MAN--OR A GOD--WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES.
HE GAVE US UTOPIA. HE BROUGHT OTHERS LIKE HIM.
19 EM. ERA OF MIRACLES.
HE CAME DOWN FROM THE SKY AND SAVED HUMANKIND FROM THE DEVIL, THEN SAVED US FROM OURSELVES.
IT'S 19 EM.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN ARE?

UHH...
RIGHT. THAT DOES IT, JENDA!
YOU JUST MADE ME MAD!

OH YEAH?
OOF.
YEAH!
RIGHT.
ENOUGH.
IS.
ENOUGH.
SO YOU'RE READY FOR MORE, EH?
I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO FIGHT!
FOOLISH MORTALS! KNOWEST THOU NOT THOU ARE BOTH BUT AS DUST IN MINE EYES?

WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?
YOU'RE ASKING ME, ZAPSTER?

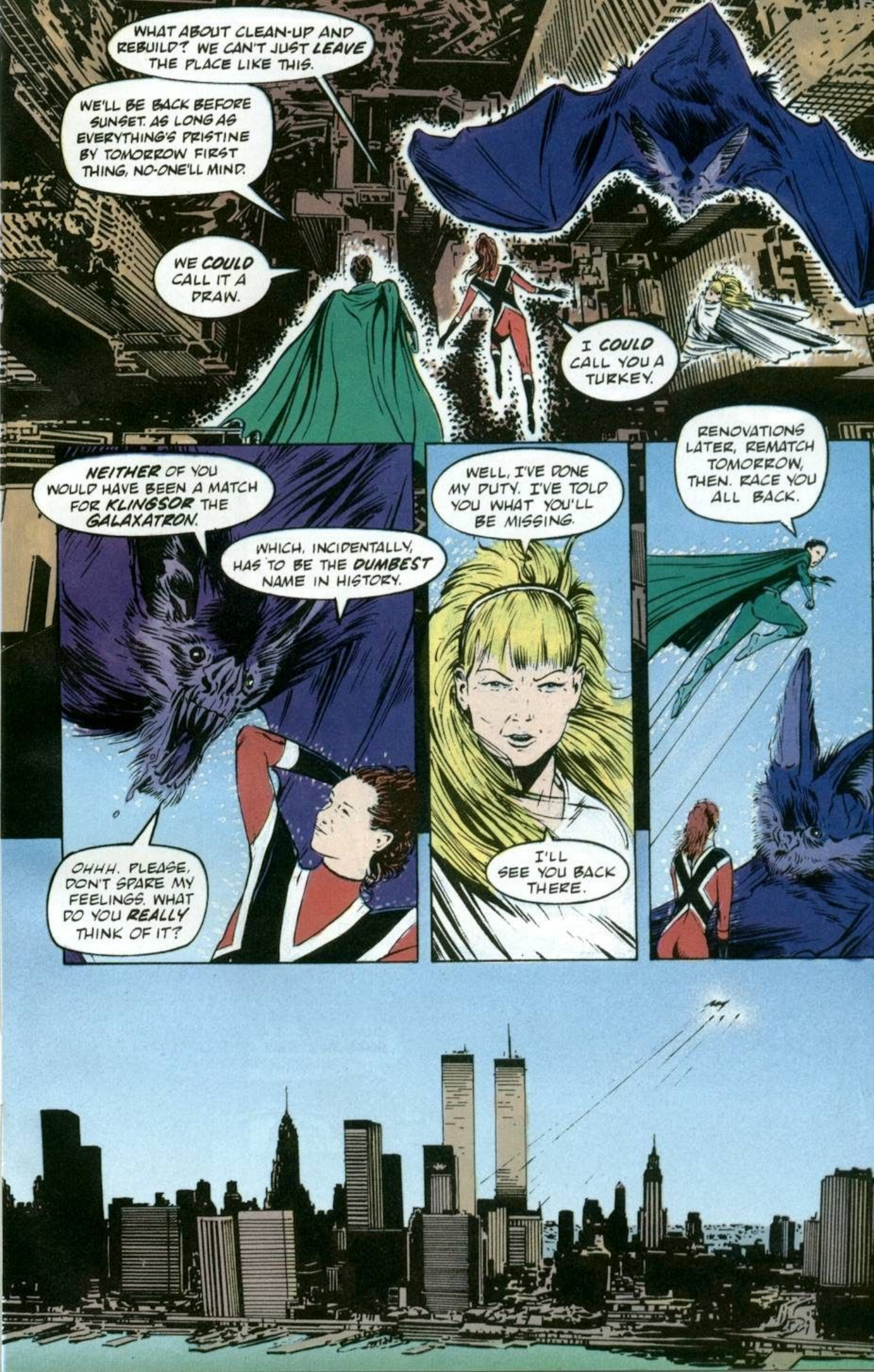
KNOW, O PUNY CREATURES, THAT I AM KLINGSOR THE GALAXATRON, DESTROYER OF WORLDS.
PREPARE TO FACE MY WRATH.

IF THAT THINGS GOING TO BE DEFEATED WE HAVE TO JOIN FORCES.
OKAY. BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE, AND JUST DON'T YOU FORGET IT.
DON'T WORRY--I WON'T.
RIGHT--

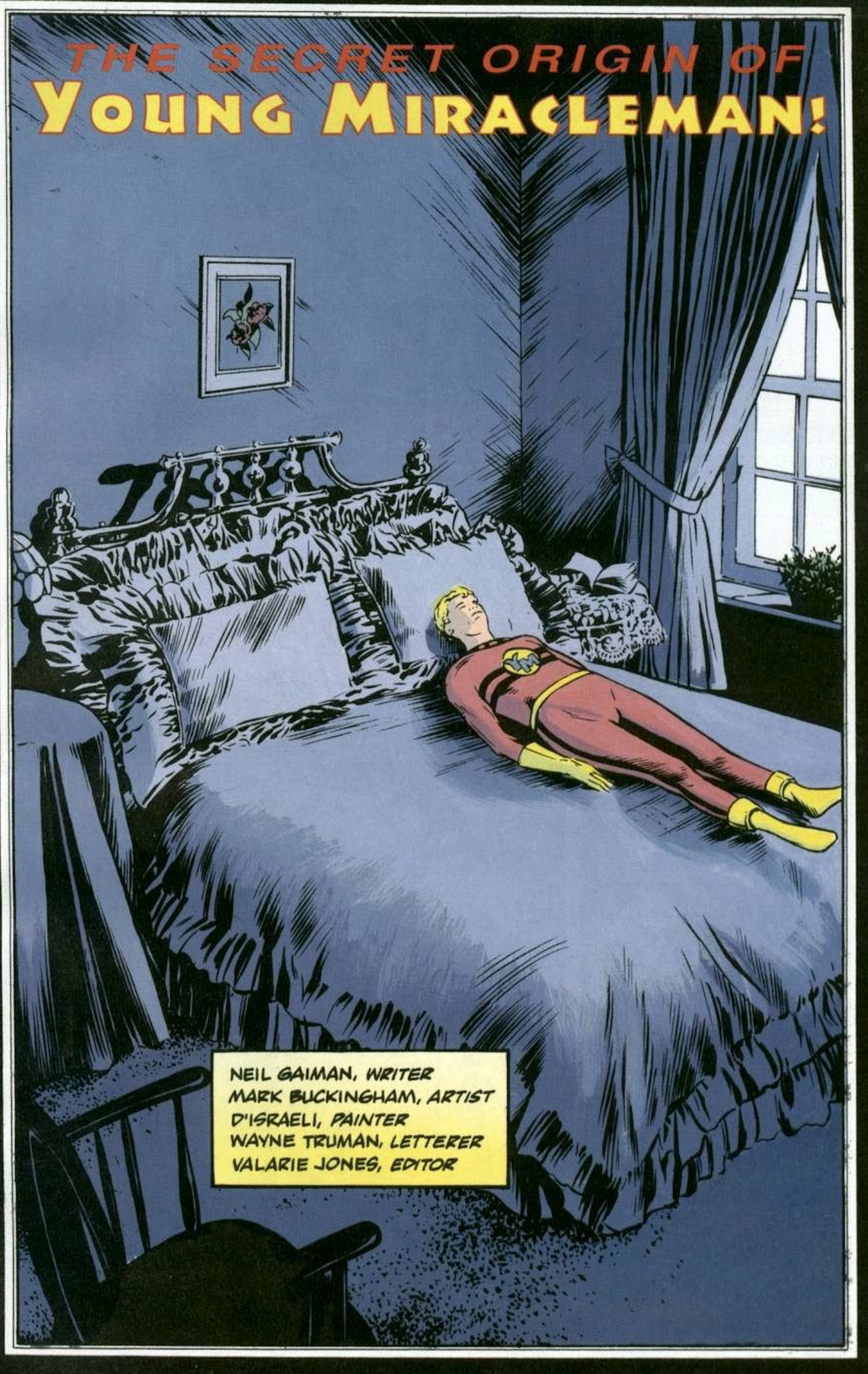
IT'S PULVERISING TIME!

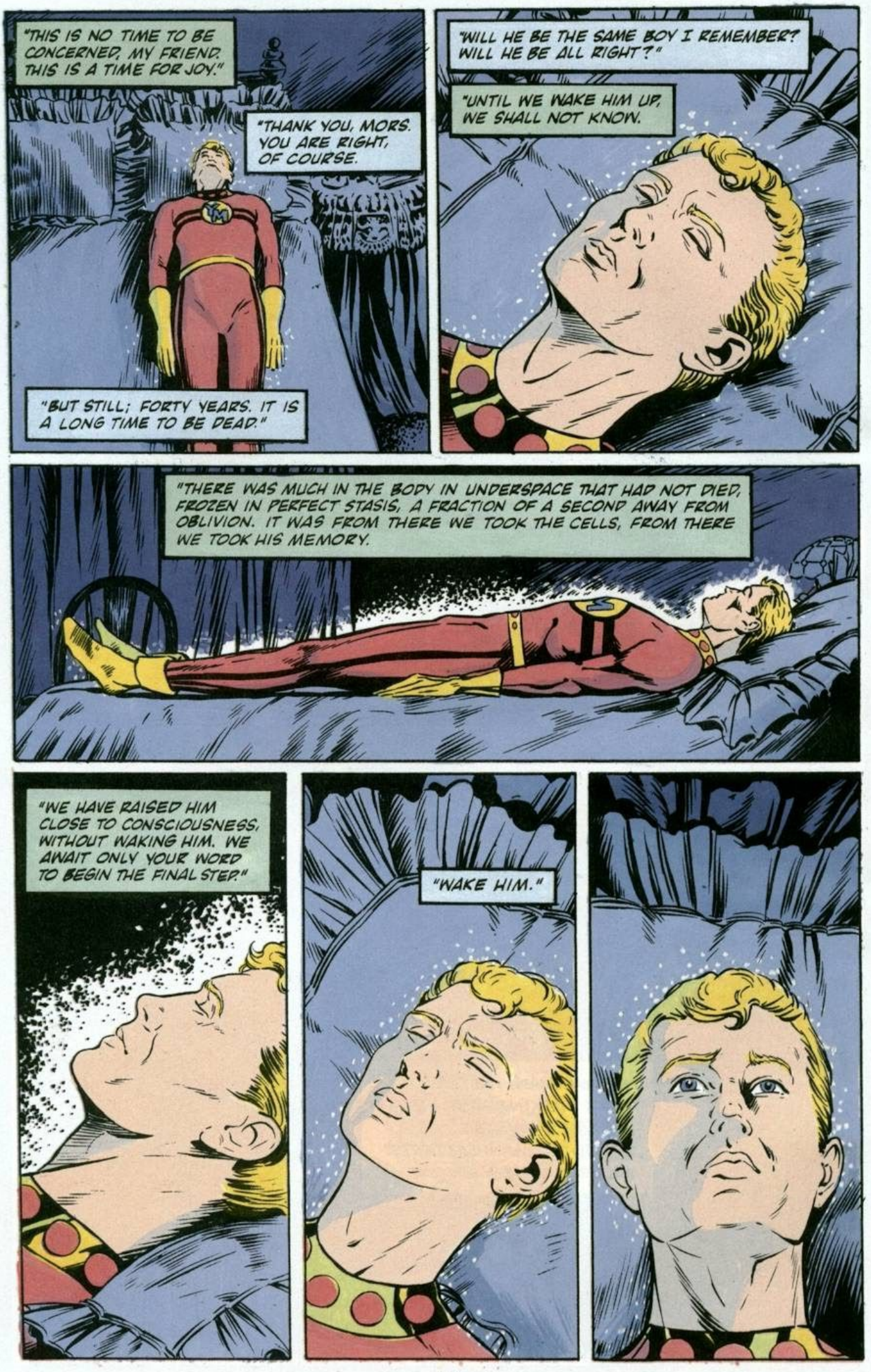
THE POWER OF A MILLION WORLDS IS MINE, HUMAN SLIME! AND SOON YOUR WORLD WILL BE BUT ANOTHER BATTERY IN MY COSMIC POWER PACK!
NOT IF WE HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!
OKAY, ZAPSTER-- I'M READY.
TAKE HIM!
AARGH!
HEY! YOU THREE!

PANORAMA SENT ME TO GET YOU.
HI, MIST. WE'LL BE FINISHED SOON.
YEAH. I'M LEADING HIM 5-3 RIGHT NOW.
NO FAIR COUNTING THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE AS TWO DIFFERENT SCRAPERS.
YOU HIT BOTH OF THEM, DIDN'T YOU?
ANYWAY, THAT FIGHT'S OVER. WE'VE GOT THE CURRENT ONE WITH KLINGSOR THE GALAXATRON TO FINISH.
HI, MIST!
HI DUNCAN.
WE'LL BE FINISHED IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR. COME FIND US THEN.
THAT'S FINE BY ME. NO PROBLEM...
I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO SEE HIM BEING WOKEN UP. BUT THIS FIGHT OF YOURS IS OBVIOUSLY MUCH MORE IMPORTANT, SO I'LL JUST LEAVE YOU TO...
NOW? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! LET'S GO.
IT'S WAKE-UP TODAY? KIDDING HELL!
"WELTSCHMERZ!"


WHAT ABOUT CLEAN-UP AND REBUILD? WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE THE PLACE LIKE THIS.
WE'LL BE BACK BEFORE SUNSET. AS LONG AS EVERYTHING'S PRISTINE BY TOMORROW FIRST THING, NO-ONE'LL MIND.
WE COULD CALL IT A DRAW.
I COULD CALL YOU A TURKEY.
NEITHER OF YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN A MATCH FOR KLINGSOR THE GALAXATRON.
WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, HAS TO BE THE DUMBEST NAME IN HISTORY.
OHHH. PLEASE, DON'T SPARE MY FEELINGS. WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK OF IT?
WELL, I'VE DONE MY DUTY. I'VE TOLD YOU WHAT YOU'LL BE MISSING.
I'LL SEE YOU BACK THERE.
RENOVATIONS LATER, REMATCH TOMORROW, THEN. RACE YOU ALL BACK.

Wheee!
YOU'RE LATE. WHO WON?
ME. 5-TO-3, IF YOU COUNT THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE.
AND WE AREN'T LATE. WE CAME AS SOON AS WE HEARD.
DUNCAN-- WHAT THE KID ARE YOU WEARING?
SORRY. I'LL PUT IT BACK IN THE WARDROBE. "XYLOPHONE!"
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I'M CHANNELLING WINTER RIGHT NOW. SHE KNOWS I'M DOING IT, SO SHE'LL TRY TO FOCUS ON THE RIGHT PLACES.
I'LL PUT ANY EXTRANEOUS STUFF ON FILTER.
I WISH I COULD DO WHAT YOU DO.
I WISH I COULD PICK UP HEAVY THINGS, AND FLY UNAIDED, AS YOU DO. BUT LET US RATHER CELEBRATE DIVERSITY. HOW DULL THIS WORLD, OUR WORLD, WOULD BE IF WE WERE ALL THE SAME.
DON'T GO OUT OF CHARACTER, PANORAMA.
DON'T GIVE ME OUT OF CHARACTER. I'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH ON MY MIND GETTING TONIGHT'S SHOW RIGHT.
SHHH. IT'S BEGINNING.


THE SECRET ORIGIN OF
YOUNG MIRACLEMAN!
NEIL GAIMAN, WRITER
MARK BUCKINGHAM, ARTIST
D'ISRAELI, PAINTER
WAYNE TRUMAN, LETTERER
VALARIE JONES, EDITOR


"THIS IS NO TIME TO BE CONCERNED, MY FRIEND. THIS IS A TIME FOR JOY."
"THANK YOU, MORS. YOU ARE RIGHT, OF COURSE.
"BUT STILL; FORTY YEARS. IT IS A LONG TIME TO BE DEAD."
"WILL HE BE THE SAME BOY I REMEMBER? WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT?"
"UNTIL WE WAKE HIM UP, WE SHALL NOT KNOW.
"THERE WAS MUCH IN THE BODY IN UNDERSPACE THAT HAD NOT DIED, FROZEN IN PERFECT STASIS, A FRACTION OF A SECOND AWAY FROM OBLIVION. IT WAS FROM THERE WE TOOK THE CELLS, FROM THERE WE TOOK HIS MEMORY.
"WE HAVE RAISED HIM CLOSE TO CONSCIOUSNESS, WITHOUT WAKING HIM. WE AWAIT ONLY YOUR WORD TO BEGIN THE FINAL STEP."
"WAKE HIM."

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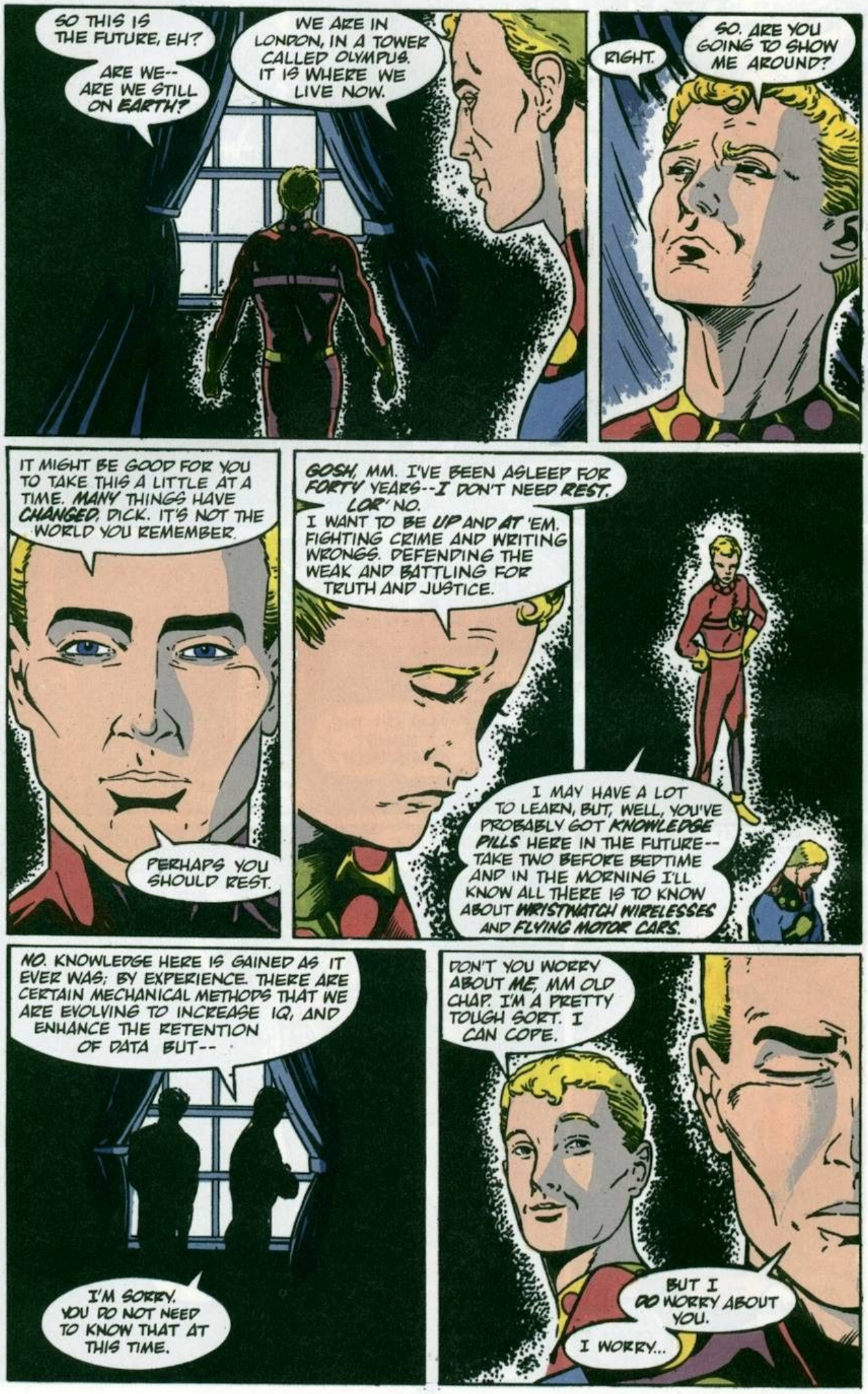
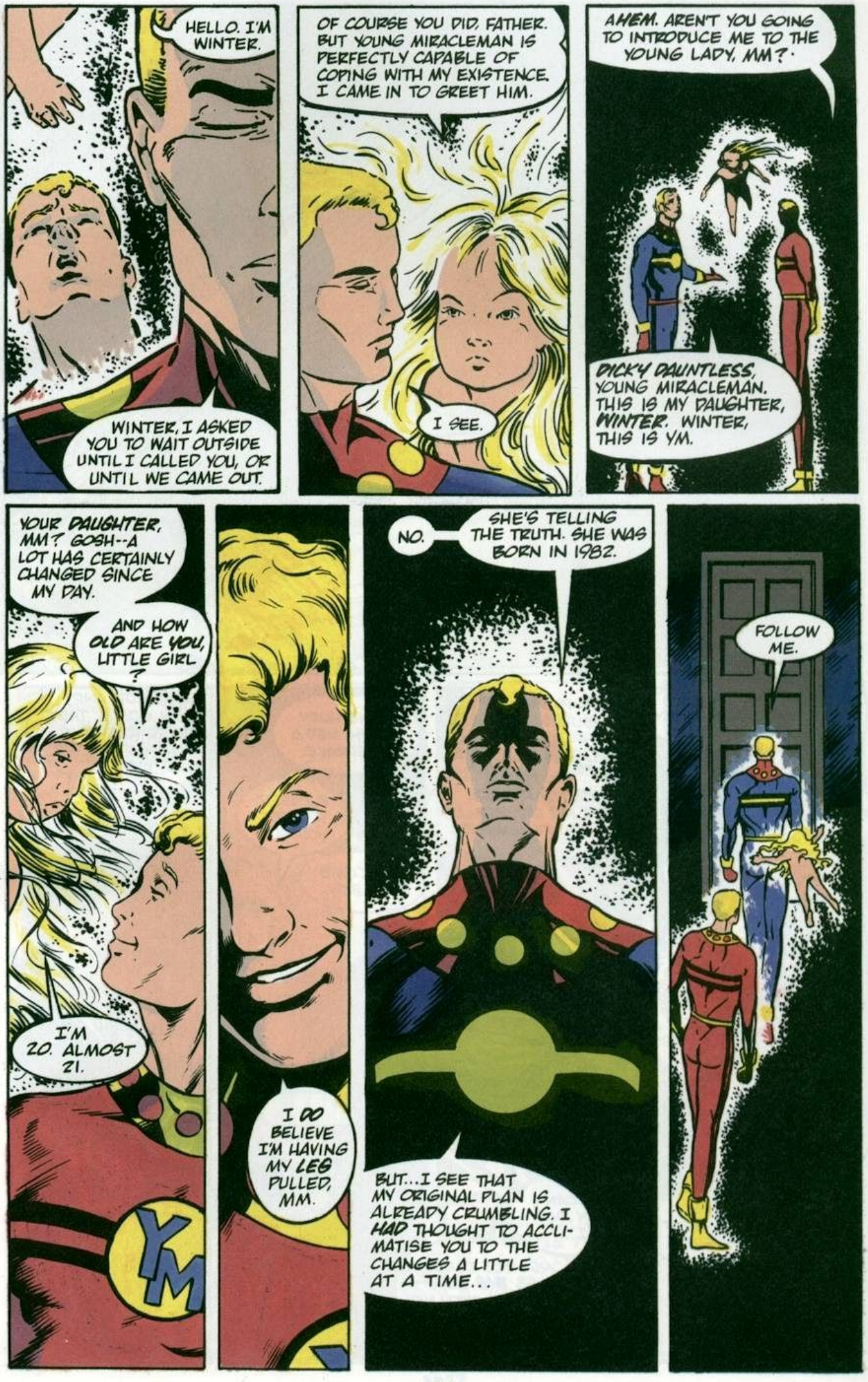
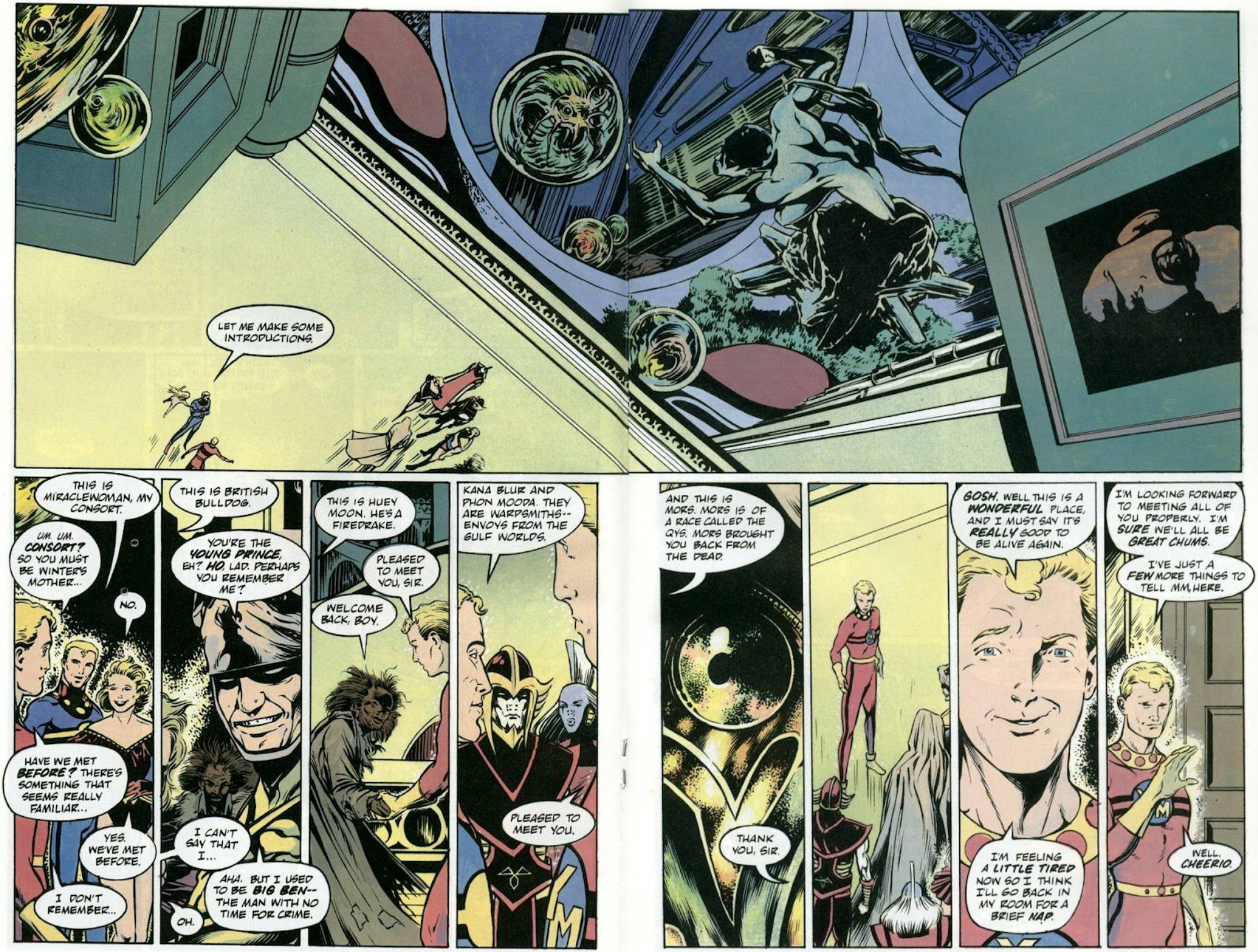
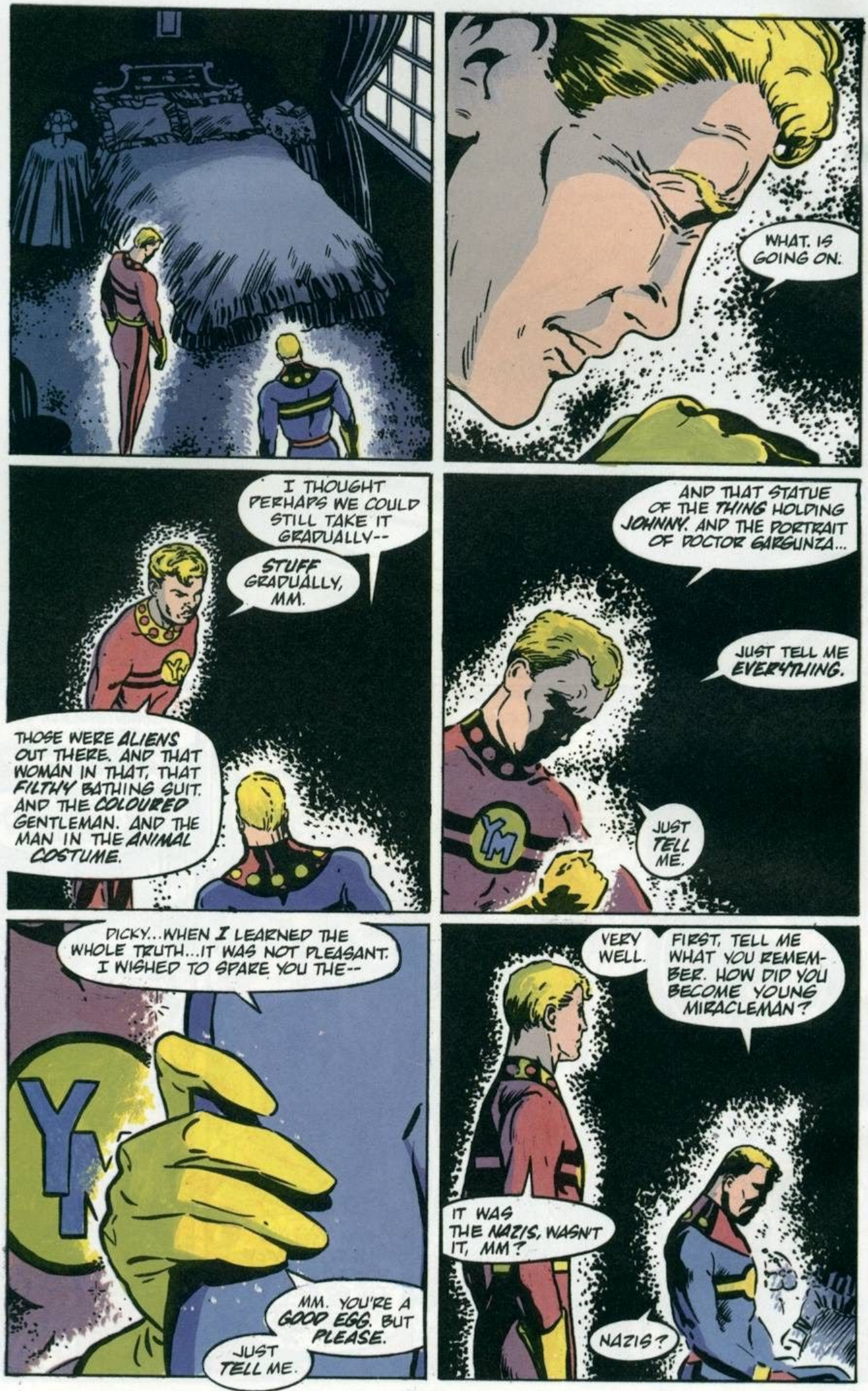
IS THAT YOU, MM?
YES.
WHERE ARE YOU?
IN THE ANTEROOM. CAN I COME IN?
GOSH, MM. PLEASE. I DON'T HAVE A CLUE WHAT'S GOING ON...
WELL, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, MM, OLD PAL.
YOUR COSTUME IS DIFFERENT. YOU LOOK LIKE...THERE WAS...I DON'T REMEMBER IT PROPERLY...THAT COSTUME...
YES. IT'S CHANGED. YOURS WILL TOO, IN TIME. THEY REFLECT US.
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN ASLEEP?
THE BOMB THAT DESTROYED THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY EXPLODED IN 1963.
THAT WAS 40 YEARS AGO.

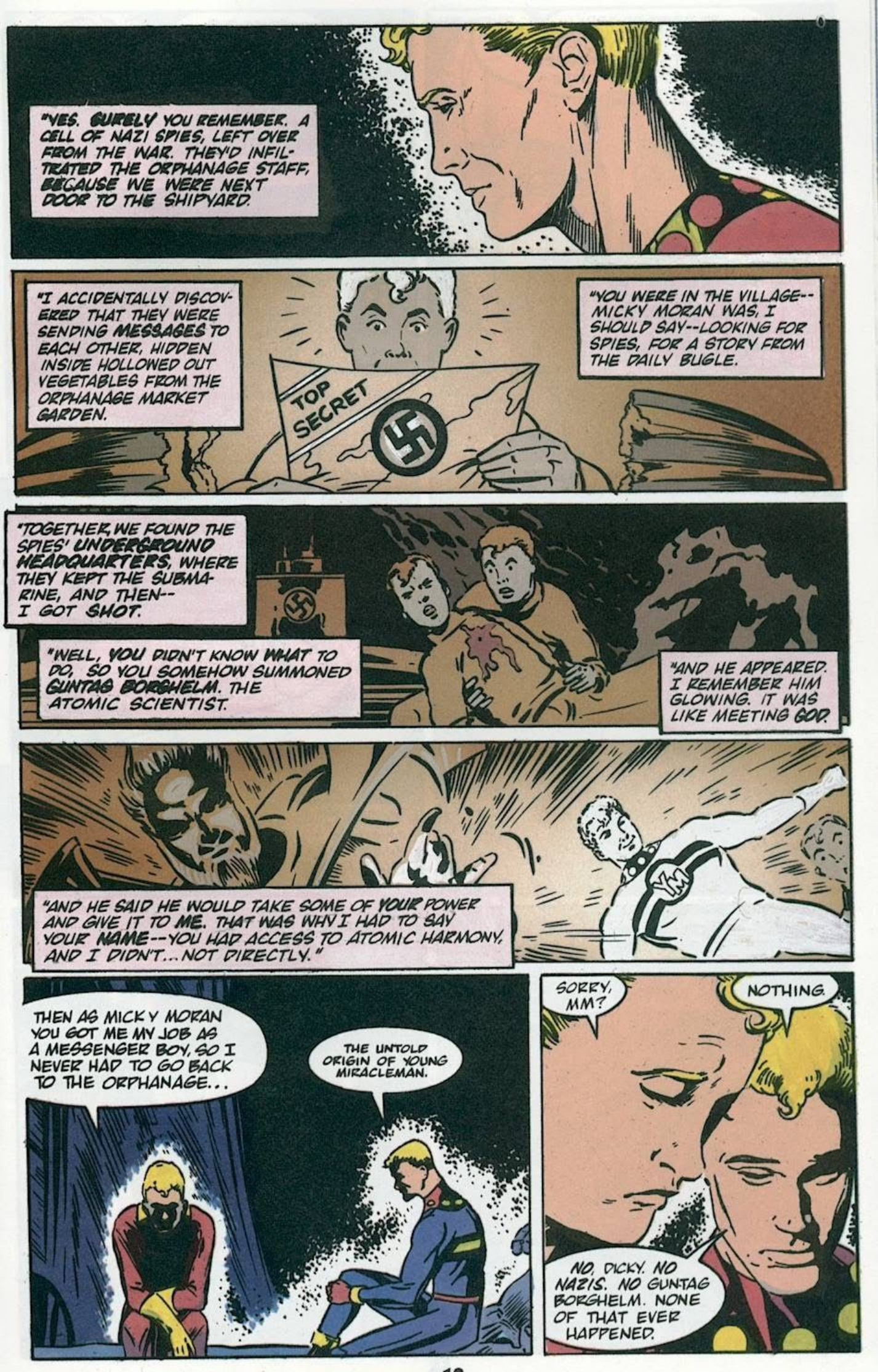
TOOK YOU A WHILE TO PATCH ME UP, EH? WELL, YOUR SAWBONES DID A GOOD JOB, MM. I FEEL GOOD AS NEW. BETTER, EVEN.
YOU'VE HAD A GOOD DOCTOR.
IS THERE A MIRROR?
HERE.
WELL... IF IT'S REALLY 40 YEARS ON, MM--AND THIS ISN'T SOME APRIL FOOL'S PRANK OF YOURS AND JOHNNY'S--THEN I'VE AGED WELL.
SO HAVE YOU.
THANK YOU. THAT ISN'T ACTUALLY THE BODY YOU REMEMBER. THAT WAS DESTROYED BY THE BOMB. YOU'RE IN A NEW ONE.
OH. IT FEELS... PRETTY COMFY, I MUST SAY.
WHO SET THE BOMB? GARGUNZA?
INDIRECTLY, YES.
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
HE'S DEAD.
AND JOHNNY? JOHNNY BATES?
HE'S DEAD TOO.
POOR OLD JOHNNY.
BUT GOSH, IT MUST HAVE BEEN POOR OLD ME FOR THE LAST FORTY YEARS.
GOSH.


SO THIS IS THE FUTURE, EH?
ARE WE-- ARE WE STILL ON EARTH?
WE ARE IN LONDON, IN A TOWER CALLED OLYMPUS. IT IS WHERE WE LIVE NOW.
RIGHT.
SO. ARE YOU GOING TO SHOW ME AROUND?
IT MIGHT BE GOOD FOR YOU TO TAKE THIS A LITTLE AT A TIME. MANY THINGS HAVE CHANGED, DICK. IT'S NOT THE WORLD YOU REMEMBER.
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD REST.
GOSH, MM. I'VE BEEN ASLEEP FOR FORTY YEARS--I DON'T NEED REST. LOR' NO. I WANT TO BE UP AND AT 'EM. FIGHTING CRIME AND WRITING WRONGS. DEFENDING THE WEAK AND BATTLING FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE.
I MAY HAVE A LOT TO LEARN, BUT, WELL, YOU'VE PROBABLY GOT KNOWLEDGE PILLS HERE IN THE FUTURE-- TAKE TWO BEFORE BEDTIME AND IN THE MORNING I'LL KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT WRISTWATCH WIRELESSES AND FLYING MOTOR CARS.
NO. KNOWLEDGE HERE IS GAINED AS IT EVER WAS; BY EXPERIENCE. THERE ARE CERTAIN MECHANICAL METHODS THAT WE ARE EVOLVING TO INCREASE IQ, AND ENHANCE THE RETENTION OF DATA BUT--
I'M SORRY. YOU DO NOT NEED TO KNOW THAT AT THIS TIME.
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME, MM OLD CHAP. I'M A PRETTY TOUGH SORT. I CAN COPE.
BUT I DO WORRY ABOUT YOU.
I WORRY...


HELLO. I'M WINTER.
WINTER, I ASKED YOU TO WAIT OUTSIDE UNTIL I CALLED YOU, OR UNTIL WE CAME OUT.
OF COURSE YOU DID, FATHER. BUT YOUNG MIRACLEMAN IS PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF COPING WITH MY EXISTENCE. I CAME IN TO GREET HIM.
I SEE.
AHEM. AREN'T YOU GOING TO INTRODUCE ME TO THE YOUNG LADY, MM?
DICKY DAUNTLESS, YOUNG MIRACLEMAN. THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, WINTER. WINTER, THIS IS YM.
YOUR DAUGHTER, MM? GOSH--A LOT HAS CERTAINLY CHANGED SINCE MY DAY.
AND HOW OLD ARE YOU, LITTLE GIRL?
I'M 20. ALMOST 21.
YM
I DO BELIEVE I'M HAVING MY LEG PULLED, MM.
NO.
SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH. SHE WAS BORN IN 1982.
BUT...I SEE THAT MY ORIGINAL PLAN IS ALREADY CRUMBLING. I HAD THOUGHT TO ACCLIMATISE YOU TO THE CHANGES A LITTLE AT A TIME...
FOLLOW ME.


LET ME MAKE SOME INTRODUCTIONS.
THIS IS MIRACLEWOMAN, MY CONSORT.
UM. UM. CONSORT? SO YOU MUST BE WINTER'S MOTHER...
NO.
HAVE WE MET BEFORE? THERE'S SOMETHING THAT SEEMS REALLY FAMILIAR...
YES. WE'VE MET BEFORE.
I DON'T REMEMBER...
THIS IS BRITISH BULLDOG.
YOU'RE THE YOUNG PRINCE, EH? HO, LAD. PERHAPS YOU REMEMBER ME?
I CAN'T SAY THAT I...
AHA. BUT I USED TO BE BIG BEN-- THE MAN WITH NO TIME FOR CRIME.
OH.
THIS IS HUEY MOON. HE'S A FIREDRAKE.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, SIR.
WELCOME BACK, BOY.
KANA BLUR AND PHON MOODA. THEY ARE WARPSMITHS-- ENVOYS FROM THE GULF WORLDS.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
AND THIS IS MORS. MORS IS OF A RACE CALLED THE QYS. MORS BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM THE DEAD.
THANK YOU, SIR.
GOSH. WELL THIS IS A WONDERFUL PLACE, AND I MUST SAY IT'S REALLY GOOD TO BE ALIVE AGAIN.
I'M FEELING A LITTLE TIRED NOW SO I THINK I'LL GO BACK IN MY ROOM FOR A BRIEF NAP.
I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING ALL OF YOU PROPERLY. I'M SURE WE'LL ALL BE GREAT CHUMS.
I'VE JUST A FEW MORE THINGS TO TELL MM, HERE.
WELL. CHEERIO.


WHAT. IS GOING ON.
I THOUGHT PERHAPS WE COULD STILL TAKE IT GRADUALLY--
STUFF GRADUALLY, MM.
THOSE WERE ALIENS OUT THERE. AND THAT WOMAN IN THAT, THAT FILTHY BATHING SUIT. AND THE COLOURED GENTLEMAN. AND THE MAN IN THE ANIMAL COSTUME.
AND THAT STATUE OF THE THING HOLDING JOHNNY. AND THE PORTRAIT OF DOCTOR GARGUNZA...
JUST TELL ME EVERYTHING.
JUST TELL ME.
DICKY...WHEN I LEARNED THE WHOLE TRUTH...IT WAS NOT PLEASANT. I WISHED TO SPARE YOU THE--
MM. YOU'RE A GOOD EGG. BUT PLEASE.
JUST TELL ME.
VERY WELL.
FIRST, TELL ME WHAT YOU REMEMBER. HOW DID YOU BECOME YOUNG MIRACLEMAN?
IT WAS THE NAZIS, WASN'T IT, MM?
NAZIS?


"YES. SURELY YOU REMEMBER. A CELL OF NAZI SPIES, LEFT OVER FROM THE WAR. THEY'D INFILTRATED THE ORPHANAGE STAFF, BECAUSE WE WERE NEXT DOOR TO THE SHIPYARD.
"I ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED THAT THEY WERE SENDING MESSAGES TO EACH OTHER, HIDDEN INSIDE HOLLOWED OUT VEGETABLES FROM THE ORPHANAGE MARKET GARDEN.
TOP SECRET
"YOU WERE IN THE VILLAGE--MICKY MORAN WAS, I SHOULD SAY--LOOKING FOR SPIES, FOR A STORY FROM THE DAILY BUGLE.
"TOGETHER, WE FOUND THE SPIES' UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS, WHERE THEY KEPT THE SUBMARINE, AND THEN--I GOT SHOT.
"WELL, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, SO YOU SOMEHOW SUMMONED GUNTAG BORGHELM. THE ATOMIC SCIENTIST.
"AND HE APPEARED. I REMEMBER HIM GLOWING. IT WAS LIKE MEETING GOD.
"AND HE SAID HE WOULD TAKE SOME OF YOUR POWER AND GIVE IT TO ME. THAT WAS WHY I HAD TO SAY YOUR NAME--YOU HAD ACCESS TO ATOMIC HARMONY, AND I DIDN'T... NOT DIRECTLY."
THEN AS MICKY MORAN YOU GOT ME MY JOB AS A MESSENGER BOY, SO I NEVER HAD TO GO BACK TO THE ORPHANAGE...
THE UNTOLD ORIGIN OF YOUNG MIRACLEMAN.
SORRY, MM?
NOTHING.
NO, DICKY. NO NAZIS. NO GUNTAG BORGHELM. NONE OF THAT EVER HAPPENED.

YOUR NAME IS RICHARD WILLIAM DAUNTLESS. YOU WERE BORN IN 1942. YOUR FATHER, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT MICHAEL ROBERT DAUNTLESS, DIED TWO YEARS LATER--
SHOT DOWN IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN, MM. HE WAS A BOMBER PILOT. AND MAMA WAS KILLED IN THE BLITZ.
I KNOW THAT ALREADY.
NO.
"HE RETURNED FROM A MISSION TO FIND YOUR MOTHER AND HIS BEST FRIEND IN BED TOGETHER; HE KILLED BOTH OF THEM BEFORE TURNING THE GUN ON HIMSELF."
"THAT'S NOT FUNNY, MM."
"IN 1954 YOU WERE KIDNAPPED FROM DR. BARNARDOS BOYS' HOME BY ONE EMIL GARGUNZA. HE WAS A SCIENTIST WORKING FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT--FOR AN INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT CALLED 'THE SPOOKSHOW'."
"GARGUNZA WAS INVESTIGATING AND EXPLOITING TECHNOLOGY HE DEVELOPED FROM A CRASHED INTERSTELLAR SPACESHIP.
"HE CLONED YOUR BODY..."
"CLONED? WHAT ON EARTH DOES THAT MEAN?"
"IT MEANS HE GREW A NEW BODY FROM YOUR OLD ONE. A SUPER BODY--ONE ALMOST IDENTICAL TO THE BODY YOU ARE CURRENTLY WEARING.
"HE KEPT YOU--AND ME, AND JOHNNY--ASLEEP FOR ABOUT EIGHT YEARS. ALL--ALMOST ALL--OUR MEMORIES OF OUR ADVENTURES BACK THEN ARE ARTIFICIAL IMPLANTS OF HIS DEVISING."
"IN 1963 WE WERE WOKEN UP AND SENT TO OUR DEATHS. OR WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN OUR DEATHS.
"THERE WAS AN A-BOMB. IT KILLED YOU. IT DAMAGED ME. I SPENT TWENTY YEARS AS MICHAEL MORAN, WITH NO KNOWLEDGE OF MY TRUE IDENTITY."

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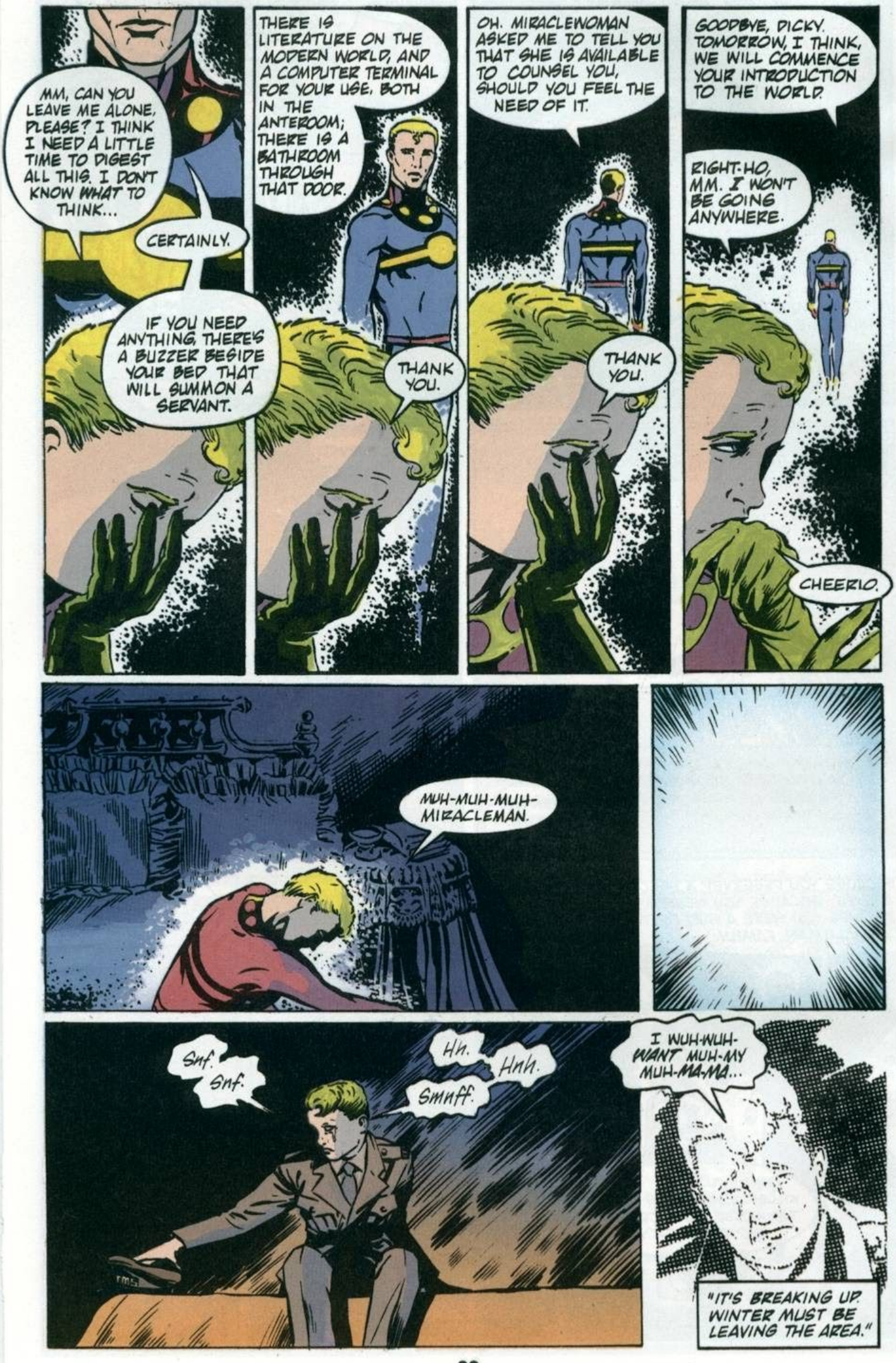
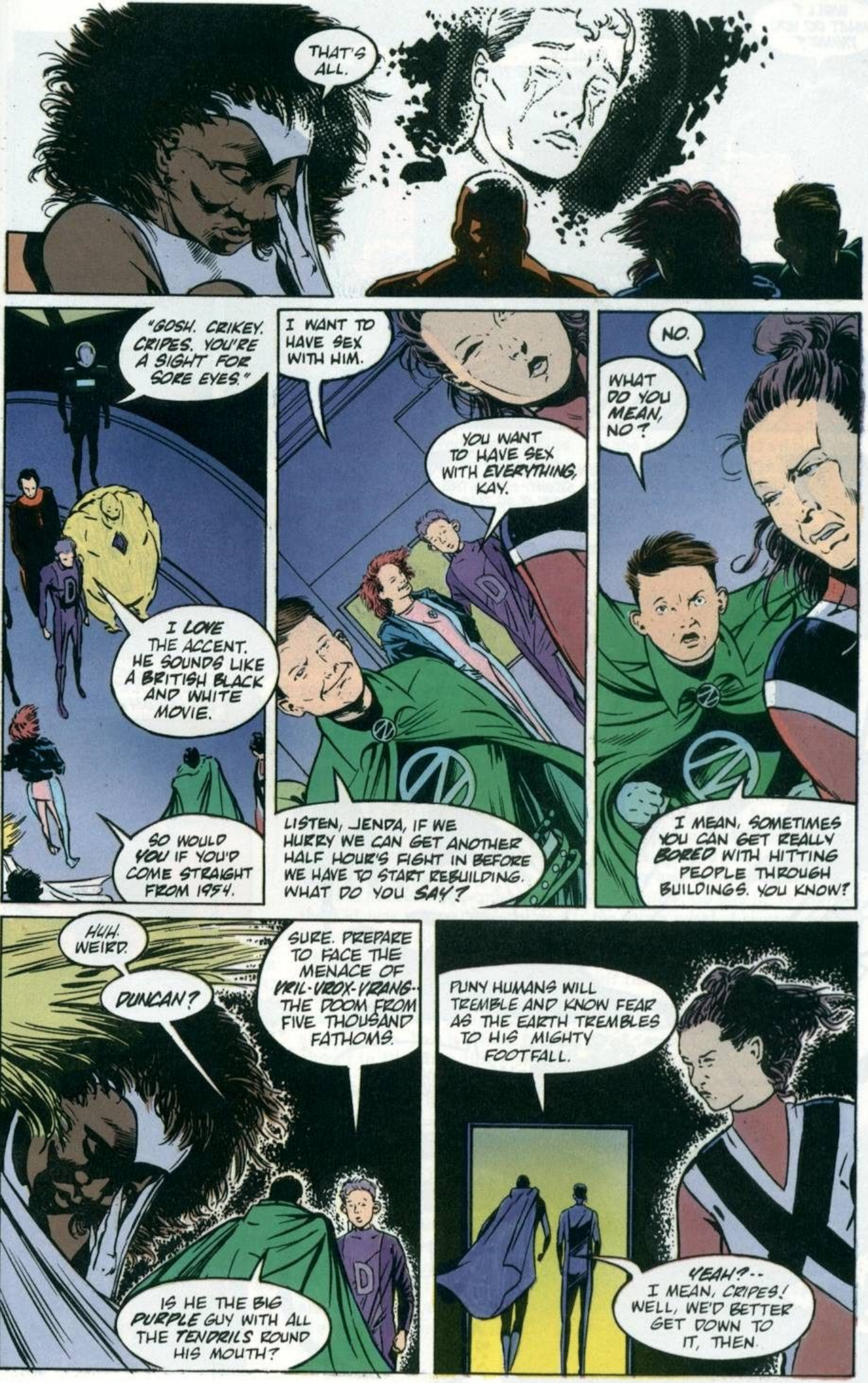
AND WHAT ABOUT JOHNNY?
JOHNNY BATES ESCAPED UNHURT. HE...
HE GREW UP. NO, KID MIRACLEMAN GREW UP. NOT JOHNNY. BUT...
HE WENT BAD, DICK.
IN 1985 HE TRIED TO DESTROY LONDON. HE KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE. I WAS FORCED TO STOP HIM.
"TERMINATEDLY."
"MY FRIENDS AND I THEN ASSUMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.
"WE FOUND YOUR ORIGINAL BODY IN THE STASIS OF INFRASPACE. FROM SOME STILL-LIVING CELLS WE GREW TWO NEW BODIES--A HUMAN ONE, AND THE ONE YOU NOW WEAR."
THEN WE BROUGHT YOU BACK.
WHY?
WHY?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID. WHY?
BECAUSE YOU DESERVED A SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE. BECAUSE YOU WERE MY FRIEND. BECAUSE YOU WERE A PART OF THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY.
I SEE.
AND YOU...YOU KILLED JOHNNY... TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY...
PEACE, YES. DEMOCRACY IS A SOMEWHAT OUTMODED CONCEPT IN THIS DAY AND AGE.
OH, RIGHT. IT'S THE FUTURE. THERE'S A WORLD COUNCIL OR SOMETHING BY NOW, I SUPPOSE.
NOT REALLY, DICKY. THERE'S JUST ME.


MM, CAN YOU LEAVE ME ALONE, PLEASE? I THINK I NEED A LITTLE TIME TO DIGEST ALL THIS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK...
CERTAINLY.
IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, THERE'S A BUZZER BESIDE YOUR BED THAT WILL SUMMON A SERVANT.
THERE IS LITERATURE ON THE MODERN WORLD, AND A COMPUTER TERMINAL FOR YOUR USE. BOTH IN THE ANTEROOM; THERE IS A BATHROOM THROUGH THAT DOOR.
THANK YOU.
OH. MIRACLEWOMAN ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT SHE IS AVAILABLE TO COUNSEL YOU, SHOULD YOU FEEL THE NEED OF IT.
THANK YOU.
GOODBYE, DICKY. TOMORROW, I THINK, WE WILL COMMENCE YOUR INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD.
RIGHT-HO, MM. I WON'T BE GOING ANYWHERE.
CHEERIO.
MUH-MUH-MUH-MIRACLEMAN.
SNF. SNF.
HH. HNH. SMUFF.
I WUH-WUH-WANT MUH-MY MUH-MA-MA...
"IT'S BREAKING UP. WINTER MUST BE LEAVING THE AREA."


THAT'S ALL.
"GOSH. CRIKEY. CRIPES. YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES."
I LOVE THE ACCENT. HE SOUNDS LIKE A BRITISH BLACK AND WHITE MOVIE.
SO WOULD YOU IF YOU'D COME STRAIGHT FROM 1954.
I WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH HIM.
YOU WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH EVERYTHING, KAY.
LISTEN, JENDA, IF WE HURRY WE CAN GET ANOTHER HALF HOUR'S FIGHT IN BEFORE WE HAVE TO START REBUILDING. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
NO.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NO?
I MEAN, SOMETIMES YOU CAN GET REALLY BORED WITH HITTING PEOPLE THROUGH BUILDINGS. YOU KNOW?
HUH. WEIRD.
DUNCAN?
SURE. PREPARE TO FACE THE MENACE OF VRIL-VROX-VRANG.. THE DOOM FROM FIVE THOUSAND FATHOMS.
IS HE THE BIG PURPLE GUY WITH ALL THE TENDRILS ROUND HIS MOUTH?
PUNY HUMANS WILL TREMBLE AND KNOW FEAR AS THE EARTH TREMBLES TO HIS MIGHTY FOOTFALL.
YEAH?-- I MEAN, CRIPES! WELL, WE'D BETTER GET DOWN TO IT, THEN.

WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
HE'S REALLY TRAUMATISED. WHERE IT GOES FROM HERE IS ANYBODY'S GUESS.
I'M SCARED, MIST.
YOU READY?
READY.
"SAMARKAND".
KIDDING HELL, DUNCAN.
SORRY. WRONG TRIGGER WORD.
"SALMONELLA."
THY DOOM HAS COME, PUNY HUMAN SCUM--AND THE END OF THE WORLD AS THOU KNOWESTEST IT!
"KNOWESTEST?"
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR CHILDREN ARE?
YEAH. YOU WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?
IT'S 19 EM.

THE SILVER AGE--TO BE CONTINUED.

MARK BUCKINGHAM'S SKETCHBOOK

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